The Right Honble The Lord Pilmaurs

THE PATRIOTS GUIDE.

from

A

his Sincere Friend the Auth

POEM.

INSCRIBED TO

THE EARL OF C——M,

JUNIUS,

AND

JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

——————Rem facias; rem,
Si possis, Recte; si non, quocumque modo rem;

HOR. EPIST. I.

Anon.

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THIS ANALYSIS OF PATRIOTISM IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO THE EARL OF C——M,

J U N I U S,

A N D

JOHN WILKES, ESQ;

AS THE THREE GREAT BEACONS

THAT MARK OUT ITS SACRED COURSES,

IN THE ELOQUENCE OF THE SENATE,

THE TERRORS OF THE PEN,

A N D

THE NOBLE FRONT OF DEFIANCE.

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PREFACE.

TO proſtitute ſatire, or happier ridicule, to the mean purpoſes of party, were to violate the Muſes in their inmoſt ſhrine.

I am aware, that at firſt view, many may think the Patriots Guide a prophanation of this kind, and that its author tired of his garret, wiſhes by the help of the reigning adminiſtration, to deſcend to the firſt floor; and indeed the preſent ſyſtem of politics, but too well juſtifies ſuch a ſuppoſition.

A preface is therefore neceſſary.

If we look back to the fates of ancient empires, we muſt naturally be led to lament the imperfection of human wiſdom and policy. Their greateſt exertions have been no more able to obviate the maladies of collective life, than the diſeaſes of the body; equally impotent to give immortality to ſtates, as to men.

PREFACE.

In the infancy of ſocieties, in the barbarity of ignorance, nay often longer, tyranny and oppreſſion pervert the great and primary purpoſes of government, viz. the ſecurity, freedom and happineſs of the many. On the other hand, when this multitude emerge from ſlavery, and by commerce and increaſing property, weigh down the popular ſcale, the ſtate has but eſcaped Scylla to periſh in Charybdis.

For we find almoſt one general fate awaits a democracy, the many become the dupes of an ambitious few; their underſtandings deluded, by the ſuperior, but perverted powers of eloquence and compoſition, and their paſſions enflamed, by public defiance of authority, under the maſque of a ſtruggle for liberty, and national danger. All order is by degrees deſtroyed, a civil war, perhaps a revolution takes place, and after the firſt roar of anarchy is over, the favorite patriot becomes the eſtabliſhed tyrant, and the next generation find themſelves ruined, by the miſtaken virtue of their fathers.

That is the rock to be feared and avoided, in a great trading nation, where the multitude poſſeſs the property, as in Great Britain, and where the conſtitution inveſts every individual with his ſhare of legiſlative power. If ever in this country, abſolute dominion falls to the lot of one man, or to the uſurping few, it muſt be

be the free gift, or madneſs of the people; their liberties can never be wreſted by force. They muſt be overthrown in tumult, or ſapped by corruption.

This deluſive ſpecies of patriotiſm, has lately ſprung up with unparalleled luxuriancy, and amongſt a lower branch of the community, than have generally aſſumed the lead in ſo great a nation; but like plants that ſhoot up too faſt, they have, luckily for the public, waſted their ſtrength in feeble twigs and ſuckers, till the roots have decayed, and the branches withered. And that which might have ſoon ended in a tragedy, now kindly offers itſelf to the laughing muſe, for a burleſque poem.

I mean not from this, that oppoſition is illegal, and that every thing is as it ought to be in a free government. On the contrary, I am ſorry to obſerve much abuſe and corruption in every department of the ſtate. But let the thorn be extracted and the ſore will heal. Let the people be virtuous and thoſe evils will ceaſe. At leaſt let it not be made a jeſt of, by the continual acting of that ludicrous farce, that political puppet ſhew, of which the patriots are the actors, and of which the magiſtrates of London have ſo ſucceſsfully aſpired to be the punches.

The

PREFACE.

The intention of this little poem, is not to reproach any ſet of men, but as the community is affected by their conducts and characters. The muſe would only trace the mighty torrent of patriotiſm, thro' all its meandrings, from its firſt bubbling up in its popular ſources, till it empties and loſes itſelf in the unfathomable ocean of a court. *From whoſe bourne no patriot returns.*

THE

THE

PATRIOTS GUIDE.

SHALL Kings bear rule, ſhall Scotchmen places keep,
Shall Mayors remonſtrate, and the muſe ſtill ſleep.
Sooner ſhall lovers their eliſyum ſlight,
Nod o'er a bride, and ſnore away the night;
Sooner ſhall nymphs dear Ranelagh forgo,
And all the bright enchantments of Soho,
Stateſmen ſhall ſooner fly the jockey ring,
Biſhops refuſe to vote, e'er ſhe to ſing.

Sage power! whoſe breath perfumes the Turkiſh fleet,
Whoſe frag'rant altars, ſmoak in every ſtreet,

Whoſe worſhip cheats the winters ling'ring day,
And tells us all men do, and all they ſay;
Far as the dulleſt ſtuff's excell'd by news,
Thy crowded ſeats eclipſe the empty pews,
There, let me liſten, to thy ſiren ſongs,
To thee, my muſe, to thee, my theme belongs:
For thou alone, inſpir'ſt each patriot ſon
By thee debates and battles, loſt or won
Kingdoms deſtroy'd, and potentates undone:
Bleſt freedom droops, or riſes at thy nod,
Thou prop of age, and politicians God;
To generals warm'd by thee, whole armies yield,
Who never knew to conquer in the field,
Troops that the braveſt chiefs might doubtful meet,
Fall dead by thouſands, at their gouty feet;
Europa's powers, the ſage inſpir'd by thee,
Weighs out as ſimply, as a grocer, tea,
Italians, Germans, Spaniards and the Dutch
Move, as the aged ſtateſman moves his crutch;

Here

Here, ſhall the Pruſſian monarch take the field,
There ſhall he fight, and here the Auſtrians yield
There ſhall the Empreſs enter Holy Land,
All ſhines diſtinctly on th' enchanted ſand;
E'en members, that in Weſtminſter ne'er ſpeak
Within thy ſhrine, will boldly ſilence break,
Harangue thy vot'rys with the days debate,
And drag to light, each ſecret of the ſtate.
O frown not on a muſe, that owns thy might,
But guide her pinions, thro' the mazy flight,
So ſhall each heart, that glows with patriot zeal
Be taught to uſe it, for Britannia's weal.

Firſt muſe unfold, one univerſal thing,
To love your Country, you muſt hate your King;
Whoe'er the monſter is, that rules the ſtate
Purſue that monſter, with unwearied hate,
If good by chance, or honeſt, 'tis the ſame,
Hate him, or never hope a patriot's name;

Know

Know next, as genius darts her kindling rays
She points to public fame, three various ways,
By bold defiance, libelling, or ſpeech,
Alike at laſt the glorious goal you reach.

Firſt, if your talents mark you not to riſe
An active patriot, in your countrys eyes
If fear deters you, as a public mark
Draw forth your dagger boldly in the dark,
Pluck the dread weapon, from a grey gooſe wing,
Well dipt in gall, it ſtrikes a deadly ſting,
So ſhall you ſhine a patriot free from fears,
And Woodfall bring your glory to our ears.

Great JUNIUS thus, reſiſtleſs God of proſe,
Involv'd in ten fold night, immortal roſe,
With ſounding period, domineering wit,
Alarm'd the courtier, and made mad the cit,
All felt the fury of the patriot ſting,
From a poor parſon to a mighty king.

As

As when the lava from Mount Ætna's top,
Rolls its red torrents down the burning ſlope,
Men, flocks, and cots, the fiery torrents ride,
And in one ruin ſwell the ſulph'rous tide;
So, like a flaming river Junius came,
Swept all oppoſers down to endleſs ſhame,
Kings, Generals, Secretaries, Parſons too,
Borne down the gulph, to death and ruin flew;
Brunſwick, and Grafton rode the gally wave,
Drank the fierce ſtream, and fought one common grave.

To ſhine in this, be cautious from your youth,
To chaſe away that awkward hamperer, truth,
It muddles oft a ſatire to a joke,
Checks a bold thought, and breaks a thund'ring ſtroke,
Dwindles a monſter to a rakiſh peer,
And where you plead for hatred, gains a ſneer;
Puſh blindfold on—Be that a conſtant rule,
Or bear the title of a lukewarm fool.
Mark out the public victim of your rage,
And hunt him down, from infancy to age,

Let every vice adorn your perfect plan,
And e'en the ſchool boy's tricks, diſgrace the man,
Some obvious fault ſtill blots e'en virtue's ſelf,
In glaring colours, daub the hideous elph;
But leaſt in much the greateſt point you err,
Be ſure this monſter, is a Miniſter.

Tho' public vice expos'd, may force a ſmart,
The private blemiſh, deeper ſtabs the heart;
Hint at the place, the perſon, and the time,
Then draw a blank, to veil the horrid crime,
Wound his fair peace, embitter all his life
With ſome foul ſlander on his child, or wife,
Let not his father's father's aſhes lye,
But drag to light his genealogy;
Mark every folly that his ſires diſgrace,
And fix them deeper on their curſed race.
Riſque not a flatneſs to avoid a lie,
Junius himſelf, by ſuch a fault might die,

Nor

Nor fear like Icarus, to melt your wings,
But boldly ſoar from miniſters to kings,
By treaſon 'tſelf put majeſty to rack,
Or horſe the maſter on the ſervant's back.

But here, the taſk is difficult and nice,
And loudly calls, for caution, and advice.

Perhaps the prince, is form'd of temper mild,
In ſenſe a man, ſimplicity a child;*
Perhaps the public virtues hand in hand,
Proclaim him friend, not tyrant of the land,
No vice may hold him up to ſatires ſtroke,
Nor folly mark him, for the public joke,
Or if a ſpot from mortal fault is found,
If charity, his virtue, veils that wound,
If as a huſband, father, and a king,
He ſtill is faithful, tender, and benign.

Be

* A line of Popes.

Be cautious then, ſome artful mode to find,
For e'en an Engliſh mob's not always blind;
Be ſure you take the gracious prince's part,
But ſtab him ſlyly, gently, thro' the heart.

From men to countrys, puſh your ſatire on
And damn a nation for the fault of one;
B—e to ambition ſacrific'd the ſtate,
Ergo—No Scotchman can be good, or great,
How like a Cicero does Mansfield plead,
But ah! the traitor's birth was north of Tweed.
Does but one Caledonian hold a place,
Without reſerve, curſe all the cringing race,
What tho' the ſame the kingdoms, and the crown,
What tho' their ſwords mow'd whole battallions down,
All men for Adam fell, who dares refute,
Therefore all Scotchmen, ſhould be damn'd for B—e,
An Engliſhman alone, with juſtice rules,
And all men elſe are either knaves or fools.

Let

* A line of Pope's.

Let not initials puzzle vulgar brains,
But printers run the riſques, who have the gains;
Some patriot mayor is ever on their ſide,
To beat down juſtice with the pop'lar tide,
To make a tumult at the laws expence,
And form new ſubject for your eloquence,
Perhaps poor freedom ſuffers from the fight,
Yet ſtill 'tis oppoſition, therefore right,
Oils the ſtate wheels, their ſtrength and motion tries,
And what ſo good for health, as exerciſe.

To time your vollies, next demands your thought,
That unobſerv'd, the greateſt ſtand for nought;
When city mobs, move weſtward with their mayor,
Like ſome new monſter, at a country fair,
Each livery'd Tinker, Cobler, Smith, at court,
No hackney coach, e'en give a guinea for't,
No Taylor's boy to ſew a button on,
Our very Shoe-blacks, to St. James's gone;

Then rouſe the world with grievances and fears,
Set Biſhops, Lords, and Commons by the ears,
Then muſt the hundred headed monſter rave
Baul out for freedom, curſe each courtly ſlave,
Huzza the city bulwark of the ſtate,
And mob, like Britons, at their prince's gate.

Laſt for your ſtile, with rhet'ric be content,
Nor cramp your periods, with dull argument,
To follow fact by logic's muſty laws,
Muſt always ſpoil your writing, oft your cauſe,
Plain ſober ſenſe moves ſlowly to the heart,
It groans, it labours, like a loaded cart,
But wit well ſet to a harmonious ſong,
like a light rolling chariot skims along;
If wiſdom ſpurns it, Orpheus-like at leaſt,
The muſic ſtill makes ſure of every beaſt;

And

And that, in mildeſt eſtimate, you'll find,
Is half, if not two-thirds ofall mankind; *
Where ſober thinking rules one ſober mind,
The paſſions whirl ten giddy wretches blind.
Dreſs what you pleaſe in ſpecious array,
And all the world's off cap'd to't for a day;
But ſee the journey's not too far a field,
It ſoon muſt conquer, or it ſoon muſt yield,
Party muſt triumph quick, or quickly fall,
One glory, or one ſhame, involve you all.
For ſoon falſe colours droop in open day,
Truth brighter ſhines, but falſhood fades away,
Inſulted reaſon treads the phantom down,
E'en limber folly dares with ſcorn to frown.
So when ſome ſulph'rous meteor ſweeps the air,
With ſtupid gape the aſtoniſh'd vulgar ſtare,

This

* This may ſeem miſanthropiſh, but as it is here applied, it is a moderate truth; viz. that two thirds of the world do not conſult the powers of their underſtandings, when their paſſions are engaged, the brutal characteriſtic, and which diſtinguiſhes them from men.

This Comet ſure, they cry, portends a dearth,
Some pois'nous plague, or elſe ſhall burn the earth,
But while they ſpeak, it ſhoots along the ſkies,
Fades as it falls, and in a moment dies.
Well pleas'd they ſee the gaudy flaſh decay,
And turn with rapture to the God of day.

Your wit like rockets, on rejoicing night,
Muſt therefore flow in conſtant ſtream of light,
E'er the ſtretch'd viſion, feels the dark'ning change,
See thro' the air, a ſhower of ſerpents range,
Thus e'er the paſſions cool—or fears ſubſide,
Your urn of gall, muſt ſwell the foſt'ring tide.

But if your ſpirits flow not to your pen,
This attic fury leave to other men;
Heav'n may have touch'd your tongue with magic fire,
To melt perſuaſive, or to ſtorm in ire.
Then to the ſenate ſtraight, bright road to fame,
Moſt ample field to gain a patriot's name,

To

To eloquence the glorious path is plain,
If titles, ſtars, and penſions, plead in vain,
Be theſe the cordials of your pithleſs age,
When ſome new fav'rite mounts the roſtral ſtage.
But glue, gum, tie th' enthuſiaſtic maſk,
To keep that firm is half the patriot's taſk,
Nor dare to ſhew John Bull your naked face,
Till ſafe huzza'd to riches, power, and place.

This knows Diana wo'd at maſquerade,
Whoſe veil conceals ſome ugly painted jade,
In vain the am'rous youth would ſtorm her face,
Hold off, hold off ſhe crys, and mends her pace,
Enflam'd with new deſire he follows on,
Thinks all the graces are combin'd in one,
Sighs, pants, and vows, and ſqueezes thro' the crowd,
Now whiſpers gently, now proteſts aloud,
Still the chaſte goddeſs miſtreſs of her art,
With new reſiſtance fires his throbbing heart,
He thinks 'tis Dian's ſelf, he hears her pack,
And ſees her arrows rattling at her back,

But the bleſt youth meets not Acteon's fate,
O'ercomes, is P—xt, and D—ns the W—re too late.
But ſhe the goddeſs not a whit the worſe,
Laughs at the trick, and pockets faſt the purſe.

The firſt great queſtion, prune your wing for flight,
And ſcrew each power, each paſſion to its height,
As now you thrive, your future fame is gueſs'd,
And he who errs in boldneſs, errs the beſt.
The man who burſts ſublimely into fame,
Sets wit's eternal ſignet on his name,
Who conquers dullneſs in the maiden ſtrife,
May ſhine a block-head for the reſt of life.
Is March the prince of Elegance? — Agreed,
Then March may wear his breeches on his head,
Fair Lady B—t's ſtampt a ſterling wit,
My lord, How dee — O heav'ns, a charming hit.
And what from Chesterfield might more than paſs,
Did Sh— attempt, O damn him for an aſs.

E'en

E'en chance ſometimes, and often impudence,
Inſtalls a block-head for a man of ſenſe.

Dare boldly then, nor heed what dunces hint,
Your firſt ambition is to ſhine in print,
Seem on the public good alone intent,
And ſpeak away your troop or regiment,
Weep for your country, foam with honeſt zeal,
Proteſt your motive is the public weal,
Vow you will ſave it from th'impending ſhock,
Tho' your devoted neck ſhould meet the block;
Has heaven beſtow'd an eye of awful ſtare,
Dart on each foe the faſcinating glare,
By ſtrong aſſertion, wit, or ridicule,
Mark this oppoſer, knave, and that one, fool,
Curſe the deſpotic wretch that guides the helm,
And with a ſtorm of words the houſe o'erwhelm.
But ah! beware — Hide well your private wiſhes,
With eyes of Argus on the loaves and fiſhes.

But

But chief to gain the torrent on your ſide,
Let Liberty, and Country ſwell the tide,

" Could my poor ſervice make my country thrive,
" I fear no king, no miniſter alive,
" Let venal ſlaves obey corruptions nod,
" To me the peoples voice, the voice of God,
" O liberty! kind heaven's firſt gift below,
" No other paſſion let my ſoul e'er know;
" Unplac'd, uncrown'd, unpenſion'd, let me live,
" Bleſt with thy love, what bribes can monarchs give?
" The tinſel ſtar may grace a coxcomb's veſt,
" But let thy brighter ſun beam o'er my breaſt,
" Let bauble coronets, the badge of ſlaves,
" Delight them living, and adorn their graves:
" But far be pearl or ermine from this brow,
" Or any wreaths that kings or courts beſtow."

Thus warbl'd Pitt, ſtill muſing on what arms,
Should grace his future coach with herald charms,

What

What title, what ſupporters when a peer,
His penſion what,—His place how much a year.
Reſiſtleſs thus, he ſnatch'd the golden prize,
With ſenatorial powers, and magic eyes,
With one fierce glance would awe the ſenate round,
And daſh each feeble courtier to the ground.

But not on all indulgent heav'n beſtows,
Such eyes, ſuch rhetoric, or ſuch gouty toes;
For thouſands follow, Gods! what crouds purſue,
The man,—who Britons riſques his life for you.
Thus when in flannels wrap'd, all gout and cramp,
The hero hobbl'd to repeal the ſtamp,
Huſh'd was the ſenate, while the mob without,
Rent heav'n's high arch, with univerſal ſhout,
Fir'd with applauſe, each chronic ill was loſt,
Legs, arms, benumb'd before, with fury toſt,
And gout Le Fievre might whole years have tried,
One patriot quack in one half hour defied.

So the fleet courſer, when his breath is loſt,
With panting lungs, ſtrains forward to the poſt,
Paſſing the reſt, he hears the loud'ning crys,
He gains new powers, and like the wind he flies,
Heeds nor the whip nor ſpur, but thund'ring on,
Forgets all feeling till the race is won.

To catch the criſis to forſake the maſk,
Winds up the whole, and finiſhes your taſk,
When ſome great queſtion makes your intereſt dear,
That the bright moment to commence the peer,
Great Edward's ſtar refulgent on the breaſt,
And all the loyal courtier confeſt.

Then novel proſpects burſt upon the view,
Deſpotic dangers flit like morning dew,
You ſcoff at all you ſacred held before,
The people's voice, the voice of heav'n no more,
A murm'ring nation, but a noiſy mob,
Freedom a clamour that might tempt a Job,

You

You wiſely judge new patriots by yourſelf,
And lull the dragons with the public pelf.
The laugh, the hiſs, the beaſtly vulgar ſneer,
Soil not the mantle of an ermin'd peer,
The courtly armour girds your body round,
And Woodfall's darts drop blunted to the ground.
E'en the dread ſhafts of Junius, bloodleſs fly,
In coffee-houſes ſpend their force, and die.
Achilles thus to Agamemnon's joy,
Marches at laſt before the walls of Troy,
Clad in vulcanian arms, each Trojan lance,
Tho' driven unerring, from the buckler glance,
E'en Hector's ſpear but rings upon the ſhield,
And harmleſs falls in ſplinters on the field.

But quit a cauſe—O Heav'ns! The dreadful ſtorr,
Not half ſo bad, as Æſop's ſilly cur,
He chas'd the empty ſhade, and drop'd his bone,
You drop the ſhadow, when the ſop's your own.

Like

Like Syſiphus the patriot rolls the ſtone,
Up favors ſteep—with many a weary groan,
Till juſt at top; then lets the fabric go,
It flies, it ſmoaks, it thunders down below,
But he not puniſh'd by almighty Jove,
Nor doom'd to chaſe it, ſitts and laughs above.
P—t reaſon'd well—The dead are ſoon forgot,
I'll wear my crown on crutch, and chamber-pot,
What joys do ſenſeleſs fickle mobs afford,
Compar'd with that enchanting ſound—My Lord,
Fame is but breath, and nonſenſe all it gave,
To plumes of honor nodding o'er a grave,
Eſcutcheons motto'd, crown'd, ſupported too,
Theſe ſhall be mine, dear countrymen adieu.

Then Britons grave this verſe upon his urn,
His ſervice ſure, demands ſome ſmall return,

P—t ſent our fleets triumphant o'er the wave,
Then died, and fix'd on Chatham for a grave.

To paint the laſt, the active hero's part,
When tenfold ardors, fire the dauntleſs heart,
The muſe might dart aloft on eagle wing,
Gain heav'n itſelf, and yet too faintly ſing.

Come mighty Chaos, ſpread thy jarring ſeeds,
She dares to follow where confuſion leads
Low'r o'er her ſong, with wings of darkneſs brood,
And drown all order in one mighty flood,

O thou who graſp'ſt bright freedom in thy hand,
Who ſtrutt'ſt the ſquinting patriot of the land,
Whoſe manly ſoul, no terrors can diſmay,
Juſtice, or law, or maker, to obey,
Tho' virtue's friend, who ſcorn'ſt her private laws,
And liv'ſt a villain for the public cauſe,
Who what tho' borrow'ſt from a private hand,
Tenfold repay'ſt, in ſaving all the land,

By no contempt, no puniſhment oppreſt
Thou reign'ſt the idol of each livery'd breaſt,
To thee, this portion of my lays belong,
Accept, inſpire, and eterniſe my ſong.

And thou Britannia liſten to the lays,
That crowns thy ſon, with never fading praiſe,
For ſee by him, the bleſſed times draw nigh,
When monarchy in pangs ſhall gaſping lye,
When laws and government ſhall fade away,
And Lud's great town bear univerſal ſway,
No longer then, her pon'drous carr of ſtate,
Shall wait ſubmiſſive at a palace gate,
But ſov'reigns ſweat, and elbow thro' the ſtrand,
In haſte to know her mighty mayor's command,
Princes ſhall languiſh for the furry coat,
And dukes take up their livery for a vote;
No chariots more, thro' Weſtminſter ſhall paſs,
Her ſenate's ivy grown, her ſtreets with graſs,

This

This houſe to lett—ſhall ſtain St. James's wall,
And power, and empire, centre in Guild-hall.

For lo the god-like Patriots ſally forth,
Now Grafton tremble, and now tremble North,
The mobs aſſemble at the ſignal given,
Nor aſk the cauſe, 'tis known to Wilkes and Heav'n.
As when the queen firſt iſſues from the hive,
Bee crouds on bee, till all the air's alive,
Buz round and round her, heedleſs where they fly,
Light when ſhe lights, and mount with her the ſky,
The ſolid cluſter guard their leader round,
Dart up on high, or ſkimm along the ground.
So round their chief the human inſects fly,
The mighty myrmidons of liberty,
Millions on millions ſwarm,—ſure Jove again,
Has turn'd the ants in all the poſts to men,
E'en female champions join the ſwelling throng,
Whore crowds on whore, and bawd, drives bawd along,

Sticks

Sticks, ſtaves, and brick-batts, arm the hoſtile train,
Smiths, Coblers, Weavers, darken all the plain,
Tinkers preſs Tinkers, Taylors Taylors drive,
What God ſhall ſave one miniſter alive.

And now the loud'ning clamour moves along,
Redreſs this grievance echoes from the throng,
No ſov'reign ſhall make war, or peace declare,
Without conſent of livery, and the mayor.
To ſave the ſtate from miniſterial plights,
We'll chuſe a regent from the Bill of Rights,
The crown ſhall iſſue new elective writs,
When ſenates pleaſe not Luds omniſcient citts.
D—n G—n, G—e, and N—th, deſpotic crew,
We'll have no k--ng, no miniſter but you,
Stone flies on ſtone, and hiſs on hiſs ſtill louder,
Nor aught diſperſes but the ſmell of powder.

As when a flock of jays fly chattering round,
And light at laſt, upon ſome farmer's ground,

He

He fires his gun—they darken all the air,
Within a minute not one plunderer there,
So one platoon, with ball, or ſimple paper,
'Tis all the ſame—away the patriots caper.

O! curs'd invention—May his ſoul ne'er reſt,
Who firſt contriv'd the diabolic peſt,
Ye furys chain him to the fulph'rous lake,
Ye endleſs torments, keep the wretch awake,
May each ingredient of his horrid grain,
Burn in his entrails with eternal pain,
Shoot him in cannons, flaming thro' the heaven,
By his own curſed art—beyond all nature driven.

But let the muſe aſſume a humbler ſtrain,
Deſcription without council warms in vain.
To ſhine in this, demands more various art,
The writer's, ſpeaker's, and the actor's part,
Here all muſt join, with wond'rous power of face,
With boldneſs, paſſion, patience, and grimace.

Firſt, you muſt weild the terrors of your pen,
And force ſome fault, for miniſters are men,
Now you muſt pine a victim in the cauſe,
Then boldly riſe and juſtify the laws,
By new defiance, tempt ſome new offence,
Then raiſe new miſchiefs on the new pretence,
Quaſh every wretch who dares ſupport the crown,
And talk, and write, and hiſs, and mob them down.

As folks need no phyſician, when they'r well,
Paint poor Britannia on the brink of hell,
Her conſtitution in a deep decay,
By rank corruption mouldering away,
A bankrupt too, no money left to fee,
A ſkillfull hand to cure her miſery,
Thus raiſe the cry, nor dread the people's faith,
Poor poor Britannia's at the point of death,
We thought indeed, this laſt bout wou'd have choakt her,
O! Where is Croſby, Wilkes, or any Doctor.

Then

Then ſtep you forth, arm'd deeply with grimace,
With patriot ſorrow furrow'd in your face,
Theſe dreadful ſymptoms aſk immediate aid,
On me you call, and be your wills obey'd.
Like other doctors, I demand no fee,
Your love, your confidence is all to me.
This Bolus * to St. James's, with all quickneſs,
It muſt be taken, tho' it cauſes ſickneſs,
Altho' not ſwallow'd, it may cool the blood,
The very ſight of it may e'en do good.
If nauſeated hold it to the noſe,
And every now and then repeat the doſe,
The med'cine is ſo ſtrong of this I'm ſure,
As other doctors are, 'twill kill or cure.

The charm when thus wound up, all art defies,
You dance an idol in the people's eyes;

Prop'd

* Remonſtrance.

Prop'd up the higheſt on the rolls of fame,
And all St. Giles's echoes with your name,
Aſſes inſtead of horſes drag your carr,
Triumphant thro' the Strand, and Temple Bar.
Thus ſhall you riſe the wonder of the times,
The theme of pamphlets, news, and Grub-ſtreet rhymes,
The cits ſhall hail you guardian of their laws,
And even Maw--y's hogs ſhall grunt applauze,
Wheel but the mob your chariot and huzza,
Then laugh at juſtice, common ſenſe, and law,
Bleſs'd liberty!—True Britons only prize,
And all beſides, is vulgar prejudice.
None at a patriot, mayor, or ſheriff fret,
Who * ſtarves a ſiſter or forſwears a debt,
Who brings an aged father to the grave,
Whoſe ſon denied him, what a ſtranger gave.
Steal, poiſon, murder, perjure, cheat, blaſpheme,
The Bill of Rights will pay your debts the ſame.

E'en

* Pope has ſo newhere a line t› tl is effect.

E'en heav'n applauds all breach of moral laws,
In him who ſins, but in his country's cauſe,
The man of private worth's a ſlave to fear,
His conſcience tender, reputation dear,
But he whom fate ordains the patriot flame,
Muſt laugh at virtue and embrace his ſhame,
Stranger to fear, muſt weild bright freedom's rod,
Inſult his ſovereign, and blaſpheme his God,
It ſerves his country, all ſhall be forgiven,
No crime in him, the inſtrument of heaven.

Thus by defiance, libelling, or ſpeech,
Alike at laſt, the glorious goal you reach,
Till tir'd of poverty, and breath applauſe,
You gain new lights from court, and quit the cauſe;
Britannia then recovers her conſumption,
You freely own no thanks to your preſumption.

Thus all the patriot ſtrife is read complete,
Court the great ſea, where all its rivers meet,

And might the muſe dare pillage ancient fame,
Perhaps e'en Roman virtue much the ſame.

Let childiſh antiquarians hug their ruſt,
And gaze with rapture, on ſome noſe-leſs buſt,
Exclaim with tears,—here god-like Cicero ſtood,
There—Cat'line thirſting for the patriot's blood,
Here—noble Curtius gorg'd the yawning ground,
To ſave his country from a deeper wound,
Weep o'er the ſpot, where Cato breath'd his laſt,
Revile the preſent,—and admire the paſt.
But I, more dull—a very modern fool,
Who judge of men by nature's gen'ral rule,
Think wiſe old Solomon's adage will hold *
And Britain now, as good as Rome of old.

Two partys ſtill exiſt, in every ſtate,
The man who is,—And he, who *would* be great,

The

* Say not you—that the former times were better than theſe, thou haſt not conſidered wiſely of this. Eccleſ.

The man who gets his wiſh, or vainly wiſhes,
Still all the ſtrife is for the loaves, and fiſhes.

E'en when a people riſe in lawful war,
To daſh a tyrant from his regal car,
What but ambition fires their leaders ſoul,
What view but ſelf—tho' cloak'd beneath the whole?
When canting Cromwell play'd the patriot's part,
Was he than Charles, leſs tyrant in his heart?
The Amor * Patriæ's but an empty ſound,
Some nearer ſpur in every breaſt is found,
Our zeal but riſes, as our intereſts riſe,
Whether religion, fame, or gold's the prize.

Thus

* The author would not be ſuppoſed to mean—that no man has a zeal for the public advantage, or glory of his country—but only that we are not to look for thoſe ſuper human characters that ſeem to exiſt more in the enthuſiaſm or flattery of the Greek and Roman poets (who have magnified every thing in antiquity, whether natural, or political,) than in the unadorned annals of hiſtory.

Mr. Rollin tells us, that an emulation and inſatiable love of fame and glory in each individual, was the ſoul of Roman bravery, and patriotiſm. With us the love of money, or title is the ſpur, becauſe fame is too light for a Britiſh conſtitution, and however it might raiſe a Roman to the conſular dignity, would not get an Engliſh man a dinner.

John Bull loves pudding better than ſyllabub.

Thus of[illegible] chiefs, but for the rabble rout,
With every wind their madness veers about,
[illegible] feathers rake the air with every blast,
Each foolish fray is welcome as the last;
Not half [illegible] ever arm'd in civil feud
Knew if the cause [illegible] either safe or good,
[illegible]
With honest views thro' every vice they wade,
They rage, believing their seducers true—
Madness of many, for the gain of few.

N O T E S.

* The author would not be suspected to mean—that no man has zeal for the public advantage, or glory of his country—but only that we are not to look for those super human characters that seem to shine more in the ambulin or flattery of the Greek and Roman poets (who have magnified every thing in antiquity, whether natural, or political) than in the undoubted annals of history.

Mr. Rollin tells us, that an emulation and intrinsic love of glory in each individual, was the soul of Roman bravery, and [illegible] us the love or money, or title is the spur, because [illegible] a much [illegible] and however it might rule a Roman to [illegible] dignity, would not get an English man a dinner.

[illegible] Ball loves pudding better than Syllabub.